

SAVED BY HIS CHEEK.

A Railroad Depot Agent's Experience With the General Manager.

A dozen of us were waiting at a railroad station in Georgia. As nobody knew how long we must wait it was only natural that one after another should go to the ticket window and inquire.

"Dunno," was the gruff response to each inquirer.

That was about what was expected, and yet it did not please. We got together on the platform and discussed the matter, and while we were talking a man drove up to the depot from the town. Seeing the crowd, he came over and asked what was up. When he had been informed, he replied:

"I will try my luck with him and see how I come out."

He made the same inquiry, and the agent looked up and replied:

"How many more times am I going to tell you I dunno?"

"Not more than once," said the gentleman as he reached for a telegraph blank.

Five minutes later he showed us the dispatch. It was to a station agent 30 miles away, and it read, "Leave assistant in charge and come down and take full possession here." The name at the end of the dispatch was that of the general manager of the road.

"How much?" he asked as he handed it to the agent, who was also operator.

"This goes d. h.," replied the man after reading it over.

He began ticking it off as cool as you please, and when he had finished he rose up, put on his hat and overcoat and came into the waiting room.

"Have you any idea when that train will be here?" quietly asked the man who sent the dispatch.

"She's just coming around the curve now. All aboard!" replied the agent. And as the train drew up he was the first one to board it, leaving the office to run itself till the other man could come down.

"Did we come out much ahead on that deal?" I asked of the manager as we got seated on the train.

"Well, n-o-o, I don't think we did," he drawled. "I guess I'll send the checky one back on the next train and raise his salary \$5 a month."—St. Louis Republic.

Northern Colony in Georgia.

Emigrants from the northwest continue to arrive in America in small parties, bound for Wilcox county, where 60,000 people from that region will settle this winter on land purchased for the Fitzgerald colony. Ex-Governor Northern is now in Wilcox, where he has options on 50,000 acres of land in addition to that already purchased through him for the colony.

Many of the colonists are Union soldiers. As soon as the charter is granted the land will be surveyed into lots to suit purchasers, and 12,000 acres will be laid off into town lots. The streets will be wide, and doubtless it will be one of the best laid off towns in the south. The site for the township has not been selected, nor has the name been suggested, but it is thought that one of the most appropriate names that could be given is Northern City. The colonists will begin to arrive in full force about Oct. 1. It is claimed that many of the colonists are worth from \$5,000 to \$50,000. The company has a capital of \$500,000. They will expend \$250,000 in buying the lands, and \$150,000 in improvements. Sawmills and other industries will be established; schools and churches will be established also. Those who have come have met with a warm reception from the good people of that section, and a genuine old Georgia welcome awaits those yet to come.—American (Ga.) Times-Recorder.

A New Restriction on Marriage.

A most ridiculous discussion arose the other evening at a cosmopolitan dinner party. Conversation flagged slightly, and a wicked Yankee lunched an apple of discord in the shape of the statement, now well known in London, that a bill was being framed in the house of lords forbidding a man to marry his widow's cousin. A French lady made cutting remarks about the established church of England and its restrictions. A French colonel ponderously declared that the depopulation of France would prevent the French government from putting any such limitation on marriage, which was already difficult enough in this fair land. Sundry Americans rejoiced in a Pharisee-like manner over the absolute freedom of our own beloved country, as this was evidently not a case of the prohibited degrees, and finally the discussion bid fair to degenerate into a serious dispute, when the author of this turmoil mildly suggested that as yet no man had after his death taken any interest in any of his widow's female relatives, which put a sudden end to the political theological debate then raging.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Among the Heathens.

Helena, aged 4, was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at her hostess' knees to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting.

Finding Mrs. L. unable to help her out, she concluded thus:

"Please, God, scuse me. I can't remember my prayers, and I'm stayin with a lady that don't know any."—Philadelphia Times.

His Only Chance.

Goelin—I think I'll fake a wife, don'tcherknow, Miss Flypp.

Miss Flypp—If you want to get married, that will be your proper plan. I don't suppose that any woman would ever take you.—Detroit Free Press.

Dews are least abundant on islands and on ships in midocean. Seamen nearing land can tell that fact by reason of the deposits of dew on the vessel.

A clergyman was censuring a lady for tight lacing. "Well," replied she, "would you recommend loose habits to your parishioners?"

A Stand Off in Values.

"Fifty years or more ago," remarked the old gentleman, "I was merchandising on the Mississippi—that is, I had a boat loaded with all sorts of things that would sell and floated with it from Cairo to New Orleans, dickerering at various points along the shore. Sometimes we sold for cash, but often we traded for country produce and shipped it on to New Orleans or sold it in the larger towns. One of our leading articles was whisky, and we sold and traded a tremendous lot of it to the thirsty at every point we landed. After we had been out about ten days a fellow came aboard one day and wanted to swap a dog for a gallon of whisky. After some haggling he got the liquor and we got the dog. We left pretty soon afterward, and as we floated out into the river the man, with the whisky jug still uncorked, stood on the bank and watched us go. When we had got to what he thought was a safe distance, he began to guff up.

"Oh, what a dog!" he shouted. "He ain't with a cuss. The meanest dog, he is, that ever sucked a nig or killed a sheep. He's meaner'n pizen." And then he laughed us to scorn and his gang joined with him.

"Wait till you try that whisky!" shouted our entire crew, and then we laughed a laugh that we knew was a winner, for we knew what kind of liquor it was."—New York Sun.

Antelopes Possess Great Curiosity.

Aleck had the oddest experience of the whole hunt at the same water hole a few weeks afterward. He had crawled on a bunch of seven and was lying where I was when I shot my buck. He was waiting for them to feed together so that he could get a better shot, and while lying there thoughtlessly kicked up his heels like a little boy. The antelope had made no sign that they had suspected anything wrong, but they saw his heels waving back and forth, and instantly all was commotion. He dropped his heels very suddenly and lay there confounding his stupidity, when he noticed that the whole bunch was moving up toward the spot where those mysterious things had been seen. He understood it at once. His heels made a new kind of flag, and he was not slow to act on the suggestion. He waved them again, and again the antelopes stopped to gaze at the curious black things moving slowly back and forth up there on the ridge. When the boots dropped out of sight again, the antelope, impelled by their fatal curiosity, moved nearer to them. So they kept it up until the bunch was not 75 yards away. Presently he got two of them in range, and drawing a fine sight he fired, and they both fell. The others heeled like the wind and were off over the ridge, but not before another bullet cut down a buck.—Outing.

Gold From Cremated Rats.

It is said to be a common practice for the boys in watch and jewelry factories to kill the rats that infest the buildings and burn their bodies to obtain the gold. Many oiled rags are used in burnishing watch cases, and in time they become impregnated with gold. The rats eagerly devour these rags, and a few months of this kind of diet fills the interior mechanism of the rats with a gold plating. Twice a year the boys have a grand cremation. The rats are caught by the hundreds and burned in a crucible. The intense heat drives off all animal substances and leaves the gold in the shape of a button. The amount of the precious metal obtained in this way is not large, but it gives the ingenious youngsters considerable pocket money. In some factories young Napoleons of finance buy up in advance the shares of their fellow workers in the rat colony.—New York Press.

He Converted Her.

"It's all right, Mary," he said patiently. "Go into politics and run for office if you want to. But remember one thing—the cartoonists 'll be after you as soon as you're a candidate."

"I don't care."

"And they'll put your picture in the paper, with your hair out of curl and your hat on crooked."

"Do you think they would do that?" she inquired apprehensively.

"Of course. And they'll make your Paris gowns look like 10 cent calico and say that your sealskin cloak is imitation."

"William," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "I guess I'll just stay right here and make home happy."—Washington Star.

Idiosyncrasies of Chess Players.

Many of the great chess players handle special pieces with greater mastery than others. Tschigorin is noted for his rook play, Louis Paulsen's preference for bishops was strongly marked, and Winawer plays his knights with consummate skill. With Pillsbury it is the management of his pawns that is especially striking. Often, when the position looks like a hopeless block, an unexpected sacrifice of one of his pawns leads up to a break through the center, against which the adverse forces are powerless, and whether the pawns are being pushed against the adverse king or are passed and aiming at the eighth row, they are led with equal skill and effect.—Boston Transcript.

For Cut Fingers.

Save all your old handkerchiefs for such emergencies. Wash the wound carefully so as to be able to judge of its severity. Then bind the finger tightly with a strip of linen. Do not use thread or even another piece of rag for tying, but slit the end of that bound round the finger, turn the strips, one back and one forward, and tie.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Overheard at the Zoo.

"What makes the rhinoceros so sulky today?" asked the gnu.

"Some one told him his clothes did not fit him," explained the springbok.

"Dear! Dear! And he is angry at that?"

"He is so thin skinned!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Very Anonymous.

Traveling on the Mississippi about the close of the war, we rode in the pilot-house for three or four days, and the pilot informed us that during the war, as one of the vessels was passing Vicksburg, a captain put his head out of the pilot-house and a cannon ball struck it off, the trunk falling into the pilot-house and the head upon the deck. He said that he narrated this circumstance the day after it occurred to a lady, when she exclaimed: "Horrible! It is the most anonymous thing I ever heard of!"—Christian Advocate.

The Honor More Than Salary.

The salary of an associate justice of the supreme court—\$10,000 per year—is not sufficient in itself to tempt a first-class lawyer, but the honor is an attraction which is hard to resist. This accounts for the fact that our highest judicial tribunal is equal to the best courts of other countries, which are much better paid.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Man.

We would be pleased to have you call at our store for a free package of Bacon's Colery King for the Nerves, which we are distributing to all afflicted with dyspepsia and all blood, liver and kidney diseases. Bacon's Colery King is simply doing wonders in building up worn out constitutions, and is the grand specific for nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, and all derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys. Samples free. Large packages 50c. at W. B. Alexander's, sole agent.

Portrait of Commodore MacDonough.

A recent addition to the portrait gallery of the navy department is a rare old portrait of Commodore MacDonough, the naval hero who rendered Perry valuable assistance in his memorable engagements on the lakes in the war of 1812. The portrait is the work of Jarvis and is owned by one of the old families of Charleston, S. C. Assistant Secretary McAduo saw it on a recent visit to that city and brought it back with him to Washington with a view to its purchase by the government, as a companion piece to the portrait of Commodore Perry, now in the navy department gallery.—Washington Star.

Slow to Tumble.

She had now become desperate.

"Your family has a grand name," he observed.

"I would prefer almost any other," she rejoined with a promptness sufficient to suggest that she had given the subject thought.

After a time she sat as one in a trance, and wondered what would be the chances of his tumbling if a wheat elevator were to precipitate itself upon him.—Detroit Tribune.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that will do me any good." Price 50c. Sold by J. C. King & Co.

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Ladies' Misses' and Children's Coats AT Cost

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For your favor is Otto's Cure for the throat and lungs, we can confidently recommend it to all as a superior remedy for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, and all lung affections. It will stop a cough quicker than any known remedy. We guarantee it to cure you. Instant relief in all cases of croup and whooping cough. If you are suffering, don't delay, but call on us and get a sample bottle of this great guaranteed remedy and be one of the great party on the road to health. Samples free. Large bottles 50c. at W. B. Alexander's, sole agent.

Asked If He Came by Telegraph.

Some of the people who live on farms in regions remote from villages and railways have very crude ideas regarding methods of communication by telegraph. A short time ago a message was brought to the house of a farmer not 1,000 miles from Buffalo, conveying intelligence of the death of a relative in Ohio. The farmer and the members of his household were aroused at a late hour at night. The message was read by the head of the house and passed over to his wife. The good woman read the unwelcome news and then asked the messenger if he came by telegraph from Ohio.—Buffalo Courier.

A Cycle in Cathay.

"Better 50 years in Europe than a cycle in Cathay," wrote Tennyson, thinking he had made a fine contrast. But now Dr. R. H. Graves tells us that "a cycle in Cathay" is just 60 years. So Tennyson's fine contrast vanishes.—Louisville Western Recorder.

Poor Blind Paps.

Perennium—Hattie is such an affectionate daughter. This morning I received such a tender, appreciative three page letter from her at school.

Hattie's Sister (cynically)—What did she ask you for in the postscript?—Exchange.

There is a virtue in country houses, in gardens and orchards, in fields, streams and groves, in rustic recreation and plain manners that neither cities nor universities enjoy.—A. B. Alcott.

The cultivated lands of the United States only occupy 289 acres out of each 1,000

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT
IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN.
CURES CONSTITUTION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, BRUISES ON THE SKIN, BEAUMAIS, COMPLEXION, \$50. FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.

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Fall and Winter Goods!

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Boys' knee pants, heavy goods, formerly 35 cts., now 19 cts.

Desirable line of window shades at 18 cts.

A big line of men's underwear from 50 cts. a suit up.

Ladies' heavy ribbed vests at 19 cts.

Ladies' fine natural wool vests formerly \$1.35, now 95 cts.

Men's winter gloves from 25 cts. up.

Children's all wool vests from 18 cts. up.

Just received 100 rolls of oil cloth, for floor or table, 50 inches wide, only 15 cts. a yard.

Large line of men's pants from 68 cts. up, Men's shoes, hats, caps, an assortment of men's, youths' and boys' clothing at low prices.

Save your money and come and see our goods.

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